

LONG LEGS
B

Scribbled by

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Trailer

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - MOBILE GAME - NIGHT

Tones and Hues of pixellated gameplay, 32-bit, then modern computer animation. Realistic and photorealistic football pitch, women's national and international team players in a competitive match. Two boys argue over who is going to win.

ROBERTO

I'm going to creeeee-eam you

LORENZO

Forget it, Rob. You're going down

The two press buttons, squirm in their seats, then stand, but we cannot yet see anything but the gameplay.

ROBERTO

(cheering himself on)

(grunting)

Ha! Unh

Lorenzo crushes a few buttons, then brags

LORENZO

See, we got Tran -- Black Block
bound to stop the rock

Crowd CHEERING noises... the POV steps back a bit, and we see the edges of a phone's screen. There is a shadow cast over them as they play. Pulling back more, we can see the shoulders of the young players, the shadow on both of their screens (on which they are intently focused, as of now.)

BB

(v/o)

Boot it to the left forward, she's
open

A ball drops in front of the two boys, rolling from their feet towards a live football field, crowd CHANTING

EXT. VIDEO STUDIO - EDITING ROOM - DAY

BB and a fellow player, REAH, criticize the game and its trailer (and, by extension, themselves.)

BB

This is terrible.

REAH

Th-- It's fine. Good, really.

BB

They want this on the air?

NOTE:

One of the central characters in this story is a football star who has stopped playing in order to work on a sci-fi reality show: although no known technology exists to remove pollutants through juggling a football, one must expect such events to occur in the future. The story consists of scenes from this show edited together with shots from her life and the parallel life of HAIWA, a trash analysis robot. The football/soccer pollution removal sequences are a vehicle for animation and imagination, wherein the football is kicked and juggled and metals, toxins, and carcinogens are removed and transported elsewhere after being molded into organic shapes and forms recognizable and uncanny. The trash analysis robot arranges, catalogs and prepares the waste for later disposal, monitored by a team from a firm called the Bureau for Sanitation and Sustainability.

EXT. BORDERLAND WILDERNESS REFUGE -- DUSK

AN AUTONOUOMON / AUTOMATON'S POV.

Float / step / hover forward.

The robot, HAIWA, walks along a thin path. Several piles of plastic are gathered. Aluminum cans are scanned, allowing the readout to determine the producer/distributor/vendor responsible. The HAIWA interaction appendages (hands/fingers/actuators) pick up a 2,000 colones note. It is determined to be genuine. It is returned to an area about .2m from the ground, nudged into and crammed between feathery grass stalks at the lower layers of a shrub.

HAIWA continues, seeing a shredded handball jersey, possibly noxious 'invasive' plants, and a plastic bag which once contained water. Plastic stirrer straws, fair condition winch, hexnut...

The dingy growth and dirt inside is inspected for life.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

Black Block, [BB, DIANA TRAN], watches the stereo frequencies cycle up towards the edge of the FM band, through the AM band, along the shortwave band, back to FM

WHITE NOISE

Note: Including some aleatoric elements, regional input from wherever the production takes place, possible for this scene.

While scanning the dial, we see BB pick up and flip through an architectural magazine. She puts this down and makes notes for a children's toy, a set of human organs and health tools/devices, to be sculpted from bamboo. She picks up the magazine again.

She is attracted to images of couches, although she is seated on the floor. After this experience passes, she turns the pages to a fountain, a backyard waterfall, and photographs of bolts of colorful fabric. The smells of paper and ink are rich.

She holds the magazines and a book up, putting her nose in the gutter, between the pages. She lights a candle. She places the matchbox on a stack of reading materials.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- CLOSET -- DAY

BB flits through her closet, looking for the correct outfit. She doesn't wear her old BlockRockers jersey, although the sleeve and side of one of these sets, black and purple and green, are visible. She sees a few basketball tops and football 'playeras' from the greats: Kobe, Johnson, Otani, Ronaldo, Hamm, Hinks, Mirjbad,

Panikov, Pele, Dieke, Sauerbrunn, Brondello, Winnie
Martin Tait...

These she lets go, instead opting for a sundress.

The dress features hyacinth flowers and has some length, the fabric a little give. It is not too provocative for Central American streets, for city life, but there isn't much fabric (which could stifle her kicks, her footwork.) She selects Spanish sneakers from her rack.

The camera remains on her mirror and a window behind, blinds closed. When she returns to see how it fits, she snaps a pic and sends it to JEANNE, the wardrobe chief. Motion is visible through the window, leaks in the loosely closed blinds revealing a landscape of hills and pine forests, a number of architectural marvels, in slivers.

EXT. EXURBS -- DAY

MONTAGE OF COLLECTED RUBBISH

The categorization and symbology on the packaging and outside of many materials is shown in quick succession.

IMAGE. DEPOSIT.
IMAGE. NO DEPOSIT.
IMAGE. RECYCLE TRIANGLE.
IMAGE. RECYCLE RECTANGLE.
IMAGE. COMPOSITE MATERIAL.
IMAGE. NO PBAS.
IMAGE. PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL/METROPOLITAN DISPOSAL
FACILITY FOR REMOVAL.
IMAGE. COMPOST-SAFE
IMAGE. BIODEGRADABLE.
IMAGE. POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS AND WASTE INSTRUCTIONS
AVAILABLE ONLYNE.
IMAGE. NUMBER 2 PLASTIC.
IMAGE. NUMBER 4
IMAGE. NUMBER 6 PLASTIC
IMAGE. NUMBER 7 STYROFOAM.
IMAGE. LEAD ACID BATTERY
IMAGE. PLEASE LEAVE IN MAILBOX IF FOUND

EXT. WETLANDS PERIPHERY -- DAY

BB extracts heavy metals from the area near a school on Tallemore Ave. She is not wearing a medal, no heavyweight belt, and she is not as famous as many other stars, given the lack of entourage and the brusque way some of the members of the production refer to her or request her help. An itch of something crosses her face, though, in motion, she does not appear to use force.

EXT. WETLANDS PERIPHERY -- SIDESSET -- DAY

Taking time between takes for the show, she reads a newspaper. Dots of newspaper ink CLOSE

TITLE: PILKINGTON YOUTH WINS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.
HONORED BY RUEDAS CLUB

Pause a beat on BB's eyes. She is looking at the details of the picture. Clouds and a lighting set-up behind her head. Again

CLOSE ON dots, a CMYK press

CLOSE ON news photograph.

EXT. WETLANDS PERIPHERY -- DAY

BB moves a hunk of metal by dancing and kicking, controlling a drone-like/UFO-esque football and attractant. Her body moves without pause, elimination of hesitation and self-assured fluidity creating a dance and rhythm. Boots and ball, metal gobs and reflected set lights flow as mercury or solder. This molten form is molded into a trophy shape, then, the ears of a horse, above the nose and mane (saddle upside-down, floating above the form.) It then re-forms into four mountain peaks. The next metamorphosis creates an open book.

This metal and composite material is released into the control of the effects/management teams on hand. They are elsewhere on set, but the cables leading to and from the B/C teams are visible.

The flux shatters, all the toxins are released. Pollution, collected and molded, transforms into millions of sculptural beings (beetles, worms, a lizard, flying squirrels, fish, a dolphin...)

EXT. OUTDOOR BBQ RESTAURANT -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

HAIWA is still. A delay. Processing loop.
A RACCOON, concealed within several layers of cardboard and fallen pine branches, watches.

RACCOON

(subtitles)

Forget it. He's just going to the
bathroom.

HAIWA engages the raccoon to learn more about his/her line of reasoning. Camera shifts, and a man is seen walking into a washroom, a door closing, a sign reading "CABALLEROS." A few discarded drinking vessels, napkins have blown from the table's surface.

On a table nearby, a half-eaten plate of french fries, beans, rice, plantains. On the ground near the picnic

table bench, a glass bottle with half of a drink remaining.

MEDIUM on HAIWA and bandit-faced forest dweller.

HAIWA
How do you know?

RACCOON
(subtitles)
Look at the way his phone is laying there. He's coming back.

HAIWA
Thanks

RACCOON
(subtitles)
No place to put a phone in there, most likely

HAIWA
Take care

RACCOON
(subtitles)
You, too, toaster

HAIWA zips on, motoring ahead in a search for more cans, bottles, batteries, chip/crisp wrappers, and birdsongs.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

BB is talking with PATRICIA, her friend and confidante. A game of go.

PATRICIA
I do not know if they're using you.
How can we measure that? Really,
what are we using to determine that
it that altruistic

BB nods. Her friend uses her hands, but has stopped speaking. Then, with some push from within:

PATRICIA
(struggling)
It se- It is a clip, the clip you
showed me, we're cleaning up

BB
We?

PATRICIA
Ok, you and Franz are cleaning up

BB

To pick it apart, who is the
beneficiary, besides me, clearly, I
have some self-interest

PATRICIA

(listing off examples)

Yes, self-promotion, your pay, you
want to improve the environment, as
for Cicero

Pearl Bailey on the phonograph in BB's room, crescendo,
"Love is Here to Stay" MUSIC

EXT. SUBURBAN ROADSIDE -- DAY

SHERIFF LINDTHERDER, a 30-something law officer who is
patrolling the same area as waste auditor, HAIWA. He sees
the robot and begins to shoot the wind, BS for a while.

SHERIFF

Greetings. Top of the morning.
Please, offer your report on the
vicinity.

HAIWA

Hello Sheriff Lintkerdell

SHERIFF

Lindtherder

HAIWA

Lintherder, how are you, sir?

SHERIFF

Things are going fine. And, how are
you, toastmasta?

HAIWA

You know, just doin' my L-A-P's.

The officer's phone VIBRATES.

SHERIFF

Tell me about it. Beatin' the
pavement, dirtyin' another change of
socks.

HAIWA's glance turns, both naive and pointed, in
redirection of her optical sensors. The sheriff drives a
sporty-looking police cruiser.

HAIWA

Recent report transmitted.
Commencing audible

HAIWA

(playing two words,
a possible glitch)

Verbal

Law officer Lindtherder's eyebrows swivel up.

HAIWA

(continuing without pause)

Summary: several items of consumer litter encountered, including beer cans, a milk carton, twelve discarded cigarette packages, and a half-eaten bag of Saltados.

SHERIFF

(looking at phone)

You... MMM... You hold on to any of those for me? My lunch could do with a bit more savory crunchies.

HAIWA

Joke detection. Thanks, SHERIFF, no items of value accumulated. Adding pins at LAP visualization points if interest is genuine. Industrial spectrum remains low, save for a presence of chromium at the intersection, travelling NNE at highway 32 and Supersonic Boulevard.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY -- DAWN

BB plays with a video game controller. Camera shows the screen. An athletic game/sports title. Wheelchair basketball Pan-Am. BB does a spin move, then dishes a three.

ANNOUNCER

(v/o)

Sinks it from uptown

ROARS

INT. BB'S FAMILY HOME -- DAY

In a scene muted after the brash video game CHEERS, BB joins her family, MOM and DAD an elderly Vietnamese-German couple, COUSINS, SIBLING, and FAMILY FRIENDS. A few NEIGHBORS arrive with flowers and a box of sweets.

NOTE: Allow the actor playing BB select the sacred materials she believes is appropriate for this and later scenes. Create a production environment where the learning, sharing, and rediscovery of cultural/traditional phenomena is possible.

IMAGE. NEIGHBORS STAND.

IMAGE. FRUITS LEFT ON A MARBLE ISLAND.

IMAGE. GROUP CHANTS BEFORE SHRINE.

IMAGE. DANCE GROUP PRACTICES IN BACK, OTHER FAMILY FRIENDS ARRANGING CLOTHING AND JEWELRY.

MUTE CONTINUES

People arrange themselves in a large but crowded room, on stools, on the floor, large and small and soft, luxurious furniture and at a table's wooden chairs. BB's aunt, NOCERNE, serves.

IMAGE. FOLKS DRESSED IN FINERY, SITTING ON COUCHES, ON BEDS.

IMAGE. PEOPLE DISCUSSING ZYX.

IMAGE. EXAMINATION OF PHOTOS, PRINTED, DEVELOPED ALBUMS AND ON TELEPHONES.

IMAGE. GIFTS ARE EXCHANGED.

A few of the group dance. Silence CAVES IN and BB joins, playing music, chanting, dancing, adjusting in the mirror.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER -- DAY

BB appears distant, distracted. Tension distorts her face. She watches wrapping and packaging from gifts put aside and gathered into trash bags. BB is eyeing her mother and father, her face flickering between the expressions of her parents and intimacy, estrangement. Contrasting faces, too, emerge, where she appears an outsider, or to don a mask far different from those her parents and family members wear.

BB negotiates a departure, tearful, from her parents.

EXT. HAIWA WASTE AUDITOR AREA -- LAMBETH -- DAY

HAIWA travels along the highway, then down a gravel road, picking up, putting down, and documenting rubbish. INSECT noise, "chickachiggachickachigga" and BIRDCALLS, "wheww".

A few examples of waste analysis, (plastic bottles, straws, smoking or tobacco waste, a styrofoam packaging bolster) items catalogued, sorted, arranged for disposal, and then HAIWA improvises a lick of a WIZARD OF OZ number, singing to herself.

HAIWA

*We're off to the see the bilge
pump, plentiful sludge of cause*

Some essence of the personalities on which she was based lifts her, this is a bored person, a playing figure, a kidder and a goof.

HAIWA

because because we waaaas

As close as one could be with the circuits and sensors available. A shift to the SOUND OF MUSIC number, as more garbage rolls around in the wind.

HAIWA
 (clutter noises as
 percussion)
*The hills are alive with the sound
 of food-drink*

Another waste bot, a marine UNIT, sluicing through a nearby creek, high-five as the upbeat tone of the work hooks both.

HAIWA
 How we living?

WATERBOT
 Illin'

EXT. BB'S CLEANLINESS SITE -- DAY

BB continues extracting poisons and heavy metals from the wetlands near a school on Tallemore Ave. BB is doing a cleanup very similar to a few days ago, and she steps aside to mention this to FRANZ, the Assistant Director (AD.)

BB
 (taking off headphones/
 earbuds)
 What is going on, do we need to
 re-shoot?

FRANZ
 I know. It... there are still many
 things we weren't able to gather.
 The algorithms brought us back, but
 that was even before we found out
 this was recently the site of
 another dump.

BB shakes her head.

FRANZ
 Some... more toxins, organics were
 released here, yesterday or two days
 ago.

BB looks down along the length of the street, at the school. Apart from the crew, no other people are visible. The gaffer crew carries around metal stands.

CREW MEMBER
 (warning)
 C Stand flying

EXT. ABANDONED LOT -- DAY

CHILDREN kick a ragball, something about the size of a grapefruit, across the rocky field. After a few first

kicks, the young people (RAMCHANDRA, age 8, ROSHANI, age 9, RACINE, age 10, LEONA, age 7, DORIEN, age 8) see the play material is shredded. No matter, they pick up a used fertilizer sack scrap, woven plastic borne on the wind.

It still has a strip of blue rope at one corner where it had been tied over a bus radiator. Roshani and Dorien retrofit the ball and discuss how best to prepare the sports equipment. Some of the time they cooperate, and sometimes they jab at each other, dominance and flexed muscles.

ROSHANI

And, as trying as it

DORIEN

You're not getting it. Way... on the

--

The young folks don't notice the HAIWA unit looking for environmental misbehavior. In the space between the road and the urban edge, there is a conglomeration of auto body shards and disposable silverware and flatware items.

The HAIWA robot is covered by a plastic shield, vinyl-stickered with a picture of a pop movie robot and an exaggerated thumbs-up. [components not visible]

EXT. ABANDONED LOT -- ROCKY FIELD SIDELINE -- DAY

Ram and Dorien argue over the best way to form the ball's skin, a futbol shell. They don't see more than each other's faults. Roshani is a few steps away, carefully positioning a brick over a thin-walled piece of glass jar.

A couple beats of back and forth, and Leona calls out to show the rock to be used for one of the goalposts.

LEONA

Fodderham's goal

The BICKERINGS have ended, and the the ball must be ready: Roshani is calling the match.

ROSHANI

... has the ball, midfield, but who could this be?

Leona CHEERS.

ROSHANI

(not winded, yet)

Stainless Steel Vault, guarding the back half, DIAAAAAANAAAAA --
TRAAAAAn

She is calling out Dorien. The Blockbusters' star defender (Diana Tran) is one of his favorite players (to strongly dislike.)

The game is interrupted, courteously.

HAIWA

Excuse me, it seems as though you
have sullied this peri-urban
wilderness, allow me to

The robot shoots past, a bolt of lightning, a cold streak.
HAIWA intercepts the ball.

EXT. BROWNFIELDS -- SET -- NIGHT

FRANZ, the Assistant Director, moves from the continuity station to gaffers, to staging, to craft, to lighting, and his mouth is seen speaking. BB watches, juggling a standard football. BLAIR, LADIAH, and the Director of Photography, LUMI, discuss props. This DIALOGUE becomes audible as BB turns to watch. She gives a little 'gusto', bringing the ball up to her knees, then to her shoulders, and, balanced on her head, she allows the ball to draw down, to sink between the space between her shoulders, her hips, her knees, and to her waiting left foot, crooked up to catch it.

LUMI

Take down this street sign, we'll
need a clear line from pos F

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

BB is making sculptures using ice cubes. She uses tweezers, nosehair clippers, a razor blade, and a mascara brush dipped in hot water, along with other cosmetic items. Her workstation is a black barmat, rubber nubs and a few trays, between raised surfaces. There are grooves for water to sink down into as the ice melts.

She makes a few noodle shapes. These melt.

She makes a face, now drops of water, trickling down. Are the next forms... pastries?

Franz comes in, in a rush. He sticks his nose in close to see.

FRANZ

Finally, I catch hold of one. Is
that a danish?

BB does not speak.

She opens her mouth.

FRANZ
A bearclaw

BB
Up... Is it time?

Franz reaches into his pocket to bring the phone, a camera, to capture the shape -- it's too late.

FRANZ
(displays annoyance)
(exaggerates movie
reference, ending in a
stage shout)
A'ight. Let's come on now. We'll
do a few more takes. There's no
crying. There's no crying in
wheelchair basketball

BB smirks, then cleans up the table. She slops most into a sink in the kitchenette, then follows Franz out.

EXT. FOREST EDGE NEAR ROWENA'S HOME -- DAY

ROWENA, Roshani, and Dorien discussing the vices of their parents and elders.

ROWENA
Which are you going to try?

ROSHANI
(shaking her head, "None,"
but then ...)
Flareworm. You?

DORIEN
Scorched Hand Method

ROWENA
(not understanding)
Huh?

DORIEN
You annoint your hand in sacred
volatile compounds, then

Dorien pauses for effect, and the other two children nearly fall off the blocks on which they are sitting, jaws unhinging. His hand does not catch fire but his body's narrative makes it seem so.

DORIEN
With a flick, you set your hand on
fire. Leave it like that for 10 or
15 minutes.

Observers may think Dorien is playing a trick of some sort, but HAIWA is visible a few trees deep, in the forest, cleaning up evidence of some similar chemical experimentation by older (but not wiser) folks.

A PIZZA DELIVERY GIRL, PRIYA, drives by, distracted by HAIWA. The robot piles up cigarette packs (or some similar trash) near energy drink cans, plastic bags, and modestly soiled swimcaps, sweaters, pill bottles. Priya slows her motorcycle, gets another look, then continues on the path. She speeds up and the engine WHINES.

INT. SANITATION AND SUSTAINABILITY BUREAU -- MACRO OFFICE
-- DUSK

LAURIE, MUHAMMAD, INGRIS, and PROGRAMMER BUBBLE BOBBLE talk about the HAIWA unit from a sort of command center. Each has her own soft, rotating chair, and desk accessories to fiddle with. Ingris and Muhammad are questioning data.

LAURIE
(pontificating)
Well, what I think, what could be happening, is: the kids in the neighborhood are playing with Washington Delta Emerald one nine three oh mod

MUHAMMAD
Like in Battery Park, back in April

LAURIE
(squishing a stress ball)
It has been happening, occasionally.
Do you remember the time the hunters in the treestand were startled?

INGRIS
Yes, that was a good test of the shields

MUHAMMAD
(taking a slurp of 'venomous' energy drink)
Then, they became old buddies and HAIWA was leaving bait bundles for them.

INGRIS
It was a doozy trying to wash off all that 'fish essence'

MUHAMMAD
(impressed, by half)
You did that?

INGRIS

They mailed it back to us. Of course, I had no idea I'd smell like that for two and a half weeks.

The programmers and interaction/experience engineers eye their monitors, visualizations of 'waster' activity. Flipping through a couple updates from HAIWA similars in other countries, Muhammad pulls up the Washington Del-video feed. Laurie gulps down more of her paper cup coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST EDGE NEAR ROWENA'S HOME -- DAY

HAIWA

(informative but engaging banter)

You can learn a great deal by watching how water alters materials and the beings around you. And, how, by how the water is changed by these substances, and by these forms of life.

The children (Rowena, Roshani, Dorien, Leona, Racine...) nod, apparently gaining some knowledge. They accept this state of affairs, this nugget of wisdom, although Roshani's face is questioning.

HAIWA rounds out his comments by emptying the dregs of a few water bottles on discarded math homework (does that say Dorien's name?) and all their heads drop down, close to the action. The children and robot watch the paper become moist, the ink run, and the solution forming in the water as it drips down to the rock, soil, dust, and cardboard.

ROWENA

Aaaah

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- DAY

BB is reading through more treatments, some linked to the Bureau of Sanitation and Sustainability, some unrelated.

BB

Isn't this the new direction? Why am I in this with Ngoc?

She is directing her questions to a producer, LANA, but Franz answers.

FRANZ

I think it'll develop your
(MORE)

FRANZ (CONT'D)
 character. It will challenge you,
 and the subscribers, to accept the
 past. And to be --

LANA
 (not pandering, not
 placating, not
 patronizing, but...)
 We know you are an individual, but
 this will help you to remain an
 individual.

BB
 (miffed)
 By throwing me in with my old
 teammate. The captain? And what is
 this about Mt. Fuji? I don't know
 moshi from mashed potatoes. We're
 from Saigon

LANA'S ASSISTANT
 (where did she come from,
 just now)
 Ho Chih Minh City, I think you mean

BB is not amused. Lana turns from her ASSISTANT, a bright
 30-something Ivy League graduate, to BB.

BB
 I mean, mochi from moshi moshi

LANA
 Relax, we're going to triple in
 views

BB
 Is this for every episode, for this
 whole next slew of shows?

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- DAY

The pizza delivery gal, Priya, REVs her vehicle back
 towards town. Catch DeBrouteille and a lackey, LENORA, and
 a technician, HACKZOR, discussing a hare-brained scheme
 after a revelation from their visitor.

DEBROUTEILLE
 You can't just wing it.

LENORA
 We stuff him in a sack

The leader, an aged, respectable woman, perhaps a
 grandmother or a great grandmother, considers her helper's
 words.

LENORA
For cabbages, or for beans, maybe

DEBROUTEILLE
You think that'll work? That
thing's a few hundred k.g.s

LENORA
(assuring)
It'll be fine.

EXT. FIELDS NEAR ROWENA'S HOME -- DAY

HAIWA
(excited)
I'll do my best to make it fair

The robot uses a stick to outline concentric rings on the ground. YOUNG FRISSEAU arrives to play with the robot and her FRIENDS.

HAIWA
It could be thought of as
wack-a-mole for gross pollutants.
Anthropogenic solids --

YOUNG FRISSEAU
(to Rowena)
Does this mean we're still going to
be picking up trash?

ROWENA
It's her favorite game

YOUNG FRISSEAU
Nuh-unh. Let's go, Rowena.

HAIWA adopts a sly tone, pauses game preparation.

HAIWA
(a game show hostess
gesture)
And... of course. I would be remiss
if I did not mention the prize. The
winner of today's match gets to hit
me with a peach cobbler dish I found
on Balkan Rd. Past the baitshop,
Dangler's --

ROWENA
You're losing me. Am I supposed to
want to eat it, HAIWA?

HAIWA
 (sensing a victorious
 tide)
 (slow point from cobbler
 remains for "it" to HAIWA
 for "me")
 Hit me. Throw -- it -- me. Well,
 about 74% of it, which is how much I
 found.

The young friends nod. HAIWA places the pie down on a large rock, then continues outlining the game's boundaries, the key locations. Then, she goes on

HAIWA
 Including a self-portraitie with
 you-ours truly, posted on the social
 media platform of your choosing

ROWENA
 (careful not to be seen
 passing pie)
 Well, mixie, we are in. Right,
 Luffs?

YOUNG FRISSEAU
 (throwing and agreeing)
 In.

COBBLER SLOSH

HAIWA feigns anger, chasing the pranksters as they bubble into laughter.

YOUNG FRISSEAU
 Put it up on my BLINKBANK please

EXT. BB'S SET -- NIGHT

The night's shoot is taking place, but there is a problem with the generator, and, in the same few minutes, the state power. The director tells most of the crew to take five/fifteen (a break) while the gaffers and production management crew work on a fix. BB watches as the AD quotes the actress from All About Eve

AD
 (as character from film,
 misquoting)
 That's all television is, my dear,
 auditions

The crew's core, including the director, CORAL, the production REP, the DP, the production DESIGNER, another special effects LEAD, are watching with interest. BB, still playing with a football, does not know the reference

and wonders if this is obvious. Curious why everybody is listening, and how stories on the set are told..

FRANZ

We shoved the script under her nose again. She had it in her hand for five minutes, then gave it to Dana.

CORAL

(quoting the actress in anecdote)

"... and you'll be sorry for trying to throw me under the bus"

FRANZ

(fumbling for character's name)

Exactly, exactly... It came off marvelously. Vindictive, vengeful, everything you want in a --

CORAL

After that, the rest of the crew was tired, but Viv had some of, here, I'll say, her fire back

REP

Something

CORAL

loneliness

BB watches as the others discuss a female colleague. Is the director, is the production designer, are the other women this circle contained, were they thinking...

She dribbles in circles.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELAND -- DAY

HAIWA

Each of these lifeforms is important. What of this work? One of the most important things is understanding that it is your responsibility to spot ants, spiders, creatures much smaller than these.

The children watch as the robot points a stick at ants crawling on discarded plastic packaging. Then, showing them lifeforms growing on the stick, she tells the tall tale of being 'HAIWA.'

DORIEN
 (flexing muscles)
 These do not affect us. We are
 humans.

HAIWA
 These beings are dependent on us,
 and us on them

With a WHIRR, HAIWA magnifies using a MOBILE SENSOR, the
 ants, illuminating pheromones used for perception.

HAIWA
 Ants have cleaned up this planet for
 ages and ages

Dorien shakes his head.

DORIEN
 I don't care. My mom said I *can't*
 get dengue. If you see a mosquito
 on me, you got to kill it, got me?

HAIWA
 I cannot. I repeat: I cannot. To
 kill another lifeform--

DORIEN
 (getting in close, his
 eyes very close to the
 robot's sensors)
 You kill it, you hear me?

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

INQUIRER 3
 'BB', is it our duty on this planet
 to make messes?

BB
 We live in a cycle of order and
 disorder, while we live.

INQUIRER 3, among a group of people attending a discussion
 with BB in a performing arts center, nods. BB is
 answering questions in front of a group of young science,
 technology, medical, sports medicine, and sports education
 students.

BB
 It may be more complicated than
 this, but at the expense of creating
 more disorder on the whole, we
 organize matter and energy to
 accomplish our goals, to meet our
 needs and desires, or to create
 (MORE)

BB (CONT'D)
 materials and experiences. I do not know if that is our duty. I thank you for your frankness concerning your frustration and your inclusion of your sense of humor, if that's what you intended.

Inquirer 3 points her stare at BB again before taking more notes. Nearby, several students and EVENTSGOERS are listening.

BB
 Our job, as a species, it ... at times. We can, through observation and reflection, live with the continuous cycles of the patterns which naturally take place. This includes harmony and catastrophe. This is why I am taking more dance lessons.

Uneasy LAUGHTER

INQUIRER 4
 What is the most difficult interpersonal challenge you face or you have faced. And how did you overcome that?

The speaker, another bright, young lady, wears a jersey from Black Block's last years in the BlockRockers, with the newer logo and design.

INQUIRER 4
 What did this do to help you learn about yourself?

BB
 Thanks. That is often a tough subject to discuss. I love the other things around me, and I wish to recognize and resolve conflicts. In order to do that, I need to accept myself, the other people in my life, and the world, the contexts in which we exist.

InterMIX with this sequence stills and sequences of HAIWA, muted, discovering strange and mundane items beside youth in her journey to collect waste.
 IMAGE. HAIWA AND ROWENA, ROSHANI, NEAR THEIR HOMES
 IMAGE. HAIWA AND ROWENA WITH ROWENA'S MOTHER
 IMAGE. HAIWA AND YF, ROWENA, AND ROSHANI DISAGREE ABOUT

WHICH GAME TO PLAY

BB

It was not said to mean, 'a' static, unchanging principles like these are useful all, most, or even some of the time, 'b' that others do not change. Another point, without lettering, I do not prescribe a sentiment, we live in a different world, or our actions do not affect others. We are here today because we know, with each of the moves we make. We are involved in a network of relationships. We can perceive the world differently. And, we often do, attempting to ignore this is like an expectation that the wind will score your goals for you

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELANDS -- DAY

HAIWA, Dorien, Rowena, and YF toss pebbles and small pieces of scrap metal into a bucket left out in the open lot.

Rowena begins with a genuine curiosity, remaining playful.

ROWENA

Did you ever litter? Why do people throw stuff all over?

HAIWA

It cannot be said to be the same for all people. Convenience, for some. Lack of resources or other environmental stressors, for others. A poverty of time or --

ROWENA

Did you ever try it?

The other children pause, tossing scraps once or twice more, as part of another pickup game, then stop. They listen for the robot's response.

HAIWA

(screws up her mask's eyes)
Well, usually not, not intentionally. But, consider: I pick up a

A mosquito is visible, flying around the audience for Rowena's dialogue with HAIWA. First, closer to Young Friseur, then, close, closer to Dorien.

HAIWA

Piece of rubbish that is not considered trash. It might have been dropped accidentally, or a piece of jewelry, or a stock certificate, taken by the breeze -- I would put it back down

ROWENA

It's like a treasure hunt

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

INQUIRER 7

Do you feel soiled, sullied, or tainted by this work? Doesn't it purify? I'll sit for your answer.

BB

Thank you, each of you are amazing. This is something I'm more ready to talk about. Why is interpersonal conflict taboo? To round up the last questions: I learned that what I do matters. I grew, watching those around, growing in ways that I know are linked to my own actions, in personal and essential --

BB shakes her head, avoiding another digression.

BB

Yes, it can purify. It can seem demeaning or less-than-glamorous. But it is purifying, it is cleansing. Each of these actions, the use of energy to preserve these habitats for life (or some forms of life) -- these are good meditative rituals. I believe I have encountered the good deeds of our ancestors, those from the past who also lived with nature, who walked in harmony, as well as some of the carelessness and inconsiderate actions of recent memory.

Pause for a BEAT

BB

I feel this is my assignment, to grow as a scientist, a player, and as a human being. Bring anything that you'd like signed to the table.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELANDS -- DAY

HAIWA

Yes, in some ways, but I'm not looking for those items of value, exactly. For instance, a VHS tape of Splash, with Daryl Hannah, you think that's trash?

The children are mystified about the nature of the hypothetical discovery. The mosquito is flying closer to Dorien, buzzing around.

HAIWA

Well, then I would put it back down. But, what if it turned out to be the tape inside was something else or it had been demagnetized. If I put, an item like this, of questionable worth, on the ground, thinking it to be treasure, but it was, in fact, someone's naufrago, then I littered.

ROWENA

I suggest you try it, intentional-like, to play. Imagine yourself as a person, a litterer.

HAIWA stares at the long piece of lath which is offered by Rowena. HAIWA shows she is in a conundrum. HAIWA notices the mosquito which is about to land on Dorien's face, near to his nose. Thinking with her quickest circuits, HAIWA takes the plywood and smacks the mosquito (and Dorien's cheek and nose.)

Officer Lindtherder shows up, just in time to see the robot hit a boy in the face with the piece of prospective litter.

HAIWA is startled, jumping a little bit, and she throws away the stick.

ROWENA

(cheering)

That's it

The mosquito flies away.

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

BB sits at the table, signing posters and programs and trading cards. There is a general BUSTLE as people talk, waiting for their turn. BB flips over one of the trading cards.

IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. SHOTS TAKEN

IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. ASSISTENCIAS
 IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. PUNTOS
 IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. GAMES PLAYED

BB eyes the card for as long as it takes for a few specks of doubt to cloud her brow. BB pauses for a picture with a fan, a WOMAN STUDYING sports medicine.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELAND -- NEAR CRUISER -- DAY

Lindtherder delivers the bad news to the wastebot.

LINDTHERDER

HAIWA, I'm going to take you into town, we'll file some paperwork.

HAIWA

Understood, sir.

LINDTHERDER

First, reports of five kids getting ill after you guys dig through the sewer, and now... I come up on you and you're smacking a kid?

HAIWA

The young person specifically asked me to destroy any mosquitoes, citing prevalent viral agents.

LINDTHERDER

Look, you know, we -- How long have we been working together? Just spend a night or two elsewhere, let things cool off.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN -- DAY

The daylight exposes settling boxes and packing material in the back of a van, grumbling along a bypass highway. This includes a large woven sack, something that contained produce or an agricultural product of some kind. Low VOICES can be heard from the driver's and passenger's captain's chairs.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- BIG BLOX STORE -- DAY

HAIWA is looking down at the asphalt. The waste unit's visual stimulus equipment seems to de-focus and focus on a splotch, down between two parking spots and the unmarked driving area.

What may be a bag of trash that has been driven over has confused HAIWA. For longer than is normal for her, we see a lens zooming, followed by changing lenses, adjusting magnification -- smashed fast food and wrappers, electronics packaging, a plastic bag that is now a smear.

CLOSE ON a splattered insect

PA ASSOCIATE

(v/o)

Meredith to yard art, Meredith, yard
art

The wastebot backs away from the site. She is now at the connecting pavement and overgrown concrete between the big box store and the derelict 'dollar' store.

HAIWA traces a path, a winding 's', evaluating the conditions of the asphalt gravel. The weeds reach soil. Trash deposited or carried by the wind shifts.

A car WINDOW goes down, the car driving slowly. IDLING.

UNKNOWN AGGRESSIVE DRIVER

(sharply accelerating,
insult)

Get a job, Keurig

HAIWA

(turning to face departing
vehicle)

Thank you. I will do my best to
continue improving the service
delivered to our commu--

UNKNOWN AGGRESSIVE DRIVER

(voice distant)

Ya bum

HAIWA continues to evaluate the public nuisance of waste.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN -- DAY

The view from the back of the van changes after a SQUEAL of brakes. The front doors can be heard to open, then CLOSE. The rear double doors open, revealing the linked parking lots near the Big Blox. The cloth sack is no longer visible. Hackzor and Lenora push, with considerable effort, a roughly HAIWA-sized sack into the back of the van. It does not seem like the two are able to lift the robot.

HAIWA hops onto the floor of the van's interior. The rear doors CLOSE.

EXT. SUSPICIOUS VAN -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

The van has yet to be started. It takes up three or four parking spaces. THREE PEOPLE exit with a shopping cart, out of focus, in the BG.

LENORA
 (heard through the open
 window)
 See, that wasn't so hard.

The van topples over on its side, THUNK, moved by the weight and momentum of the robot inside.

This view doesn't offer a good look into the back, but the two lackeys have begun to wince in pain. GROANS.

EXT. FOREST EDGE -- LAMINAL POINT -- DAY

The CAPTURE TEAM MEMBERS, part of BB's production crew, cage and jar the beings of light / molten metal, embodied toxicity that left the camera's field of view while BB was performing. These women and men contain the heavy metals and pollutants for disposal, recycling, and processing. Dangerous, capable of shattering habitats

MUSICAL SWELL, CURTIS MAYFIELD'S "FUTURE SHOCK"

...these chemicals and substances are primed for long-term storage in Nevada.

TITLE: (TRANSLATED) FOR BLANCO FANG MOUNTAIN DEPOSITS,
 SITE FLE02, FLE12

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

BB reads aloud from notes for a manual/user's guide for HAIWA.

BB
 (reading voice)
 Organize by producer and source location... It is difficult, often, to establish sources for a great deal of waste encountered. In order to support creativity, as an expedient to solve environmental degradation and problems related to contamination, the training allows for a creeping error rate with occasional supervised reset, conditioning...

EXT. TALLEMORE AVE. -- DAY

More trash has accumulated near the school. A truck, without any license or insignia, dumps waste. A few pieces are relatively anonymous, others have clearly labeled promotional and packing materials.

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPLEX -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The two lackeys (Hackzor and Lenora) nurse their wounds while DeBrouteille, elderly no-good-do-er, evaluates the situation, blunting none of her sentiment.

DEBROUTEILLE
(cynical)
Well, we've got the robot here.
What are we gonna do with her?

HACKZOR
It's not a him?

LENORA
First, let's get it to clean up a
bit

DeBrouteille nods.

HACKZOR
With this robot... This robot can do
anything.

The others in the hide-out wait for the freshly bandaged cybercriminal to share more.

HACKZOR
Diabetic test strips scalper?

This does not please DeBrouteille, nor, as a consequence, does it please Lenora and all the other flunkies in the modest ranch home.

HAIWA
(calling from a room
nearby)
(v/o)
I can make a bossa nova beat

HAIWA, a bit further away, by the sound of it, offers a demonstration, beatboxing and using the chains and ropes on hand

HAIWA
Ting a ting, graing gring glink

DEBROUTEILLE
(angry)
Quiet in there. We're tryna think

The faces of the small-scale criminal (?) group look to one another, each expecting the other to take the first turn.

HAIWA

(knocking over a few things, speaking up)
It's to generate wealth, no? It's fine, we'll make wreaths.

DEBROUTEILLE

Turn it off.

LENORA

No, that's not a bad idea. A small, cottage-based crafts industry. Those are fine initiatives and may help to build community.

DEBROUTEILLE

CommUNITY? I'm going on a ski trip, and I'm going to drink 12 dollar hot chocolates. I'm not looking to visit with

LENORA

(asking her to can the joking, with *that* look)
You don't mean that

DEBROUTEILLE

No, no, of course, no. I love this town, but if I was working for the community, I'd 'ave left the toaster where I found her.

SAGINAM

(common sense)
We could buy some cheap stuff, then sell it for more.

DEBROUTEILLE

Fine, fine. We'll do that. That usually works.

HAIWA

What about pottery? I've been researching an insect-based glaze

DEBROUTEILLE

Silence. We're doing the buying junk thing.

INT. VIDEO STUDIO -- DAY

BB has been talked into appearing as a goddess-like figure in an attempt to remake a Japanese legend. The set is painted to resemble the hills on the ascent to Mt. Fuji. BB wears white and hangs from thin, but still visible, guidewires.

A young lady, PILGRIM, wears tattered, soiled (albeit aritificially) clothes, and speaks her (Goddess/BB's) praises.

PILGRIM
(looking up to BB)
I will plant it in memory of you

BB hands over a small crysanthemum branch to the pilgrim. She descends in automated STEPS.

PILGRIM
Thank you, strange figure in white.
My entire village, including my
ailing mother, we all wish to
express our gratitude. Please, do
not leave me, here... Without --

The Pilgrim nearly breaks down crying, but the DIRECTOR (CHAO PHRAYA) interrupts.

DIRECTOR
(v/o)
CUT. Ms. NGOC, You're mouthing her
lines

The Director, now visible to the audience, is a young Thai woman, and has confused BB's name with that of her former teammate.

A PA reminds her she is talking to Tran, not Ngoc.

DIRECTOR
Right, right. Sorry, really, I am
sorry.

CUT TO:

BB reciting portions of Gertrude Stein's "Tiny Balloons"

BB
(still hanging by
guidewires)
(hamming it a bit)
"To take it away and ivy and a
suit..."

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

HAIWA and CAROLINE watch a video feed from Lenora's trip with Hackzor to Woodgill Thrift Store. Lenora is wearing camera glasses, so we see her perspective when seeing the monitor before HAIWA and Caroline. Saginam is putting together a large costume/dress by the window.

CAROLINE
Slow down. Go sloooooooooow, Lenora

Caroline looks at the screen, then nudges the robot

CAROLINE

What do you see, toaster oven?

HAIWA

(getting closer to
monitor, close CLOSE)

Getting a gander. Hmm... Take a
second. What is that lampshade made
of? No, no, ...

Caroline looks at her phone, moderately distracted.
Saginam is fitting together metal tubes to make a hoop
skirt.

LENORA

(v/o)

(touching lampshade)

I don't know, is this a kind of
canvas?

HAIWA

It's nothing. I'm always on the
lookout for vellum shades. It's
morbid, I know...

HAIWA glows a bit, and Lenora fidgets with more of the
possibly valuable merchandise. Hackzor pushes a lawnmower
around, outside, beyond the window.

CAROLINE

(looking up from her
phone)

(to herself and then to
Lenora)

Made of skin? That's disgusting.
Wash your hands, girl.

Lenora mutters a word indicating disgust.

HAIWA

Who knows? Well, check. Can you go
back to that wardrobe, is there any
kind of marking, inside the left
door?

Lenora's hand is visible, opening the wardrobe door. A
sky blue plastic hanger remains inside.

LENORA

(v/o)

I can't see much. It looks like a
castle? A symbol of a boat.

INT. SANITATION BUREAU MACRO OFFICE -- DAY

LAURIE
Where did Delta Washington Emerald
1930mod go?

Bubble Bobble types code.

MUHAMMAD
No idea where she's been off to.
Offline since Thursday, 1645 hour.
After activating the handsaw.

LAURIE
Yes, I see the coordinates.
Vandalism? Theft?

Laurie watches his reaction, then turns to the screens.

MUHAMMAD
Agreed. Let's send over Recovery,
Reclamation.

Laurie nods. Muhammad asks to use her stress ball,
holding out his hand, by the look of his eyes. She gives
it up.

INT. CHIC NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

MINIMAL HOUSE MUSIC

In the area near the dance floor, there are many rad
folks: asymmetric haircuts, high-cut dresses, glossy lip
finish, a woman juggling fire... DJ BlackLaos plays discs
from a genre she does not usually tamper with. The
Director from BB's last shoot, CHAO PHRAYA, is there,
plenty of nice folks, friendly faces from the CREW.

BB dances, and does she cut a rug. Director CP sips a
mint tea. BlackLaos puts away a few of her records.

She is distracted, though. She looks out the window. She
watches napkins, crumpled up. Plastic stirrer straws look
like monoliths to her. She makes a bit of small talk
with the caterers.

The Production Designer, a new friend, NIOBE, offers to
read her palm.

It ought to be something fun to do during a party. BB
thanks her, but leaves.

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S MUD ROOM -- NIGHT

HAIWA and Hackzor are helping to carry furniture,
electronics, and many designer outfits in. They take
turns going back out to the van to get more.

CAROLINE
 (appreciating)
 I just want to gobble this one up,
 is it Chablis?

HAIWA
 (carrying in a large and
 unpleasant painting)
 [improvise
 Longdetailsspokenaboutthepaintingin
 arushedandalmostincoherentway]

CAROLINE
 Does that mean we have to re-sell

LENORA
 You can find out more later. Let's
 get this stuff inside before someone
 sees Toaster.

CAROLINE
 (talks over shoulder while
 exiting)
 Yes, yes, without a single delay

HAIWA carries in a windsurfing rig, kite and board and
 wheels and all the bells and whistles. Slung over her
 back is a windchime. Hackzor and Lenora carry in a chest
 of drawers.

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- BATHROOM -- DAY

BB is talking to herself. She uses her voice to pep
 herself up a bit.

BB
 (on the edge of hearing)
 (using a voice from a
 movie or a song)
 You're in the LG1 position. Now,
 pull out you bright lights

She approaches her own lights in the reflections of her
 eyes, with added emphasis

CLOSE ON IRIS/PUPIL

BB
 Shine

EXT. BB'S SET -- PRODUCTION -- DAY

A pitchman describes, for the first few (1.2, 1.6) minutes
 the reunion of BB and NGOC taking place before us

PITCHMAN

(v/o)

(deep)

They were to say it was a mere stunt. Most of us thought, beyond the 2021 Blockbusters rematch matches, we'd never see two athletes of atmospheric, stratospheric, stellar qualities like Diana Tran, Rene Ngoc, on one pitch... Some might say this environmental hazard clean-up has been staged in a studio on San Fernando -- The two athletes have been getting blitzed with close-ups during this

The pitchman is, of course, a bit long-winded, but also has some of the characteristics of the initial shot/trailer, anticipation, enticement, and derived from sportscasters' blatherings

CLOSE ON NGOC'S FACE

CLOSE ON BB'S FACE

CLOSE ON CLEATS

CLOSE ON SHIN GUARDS

CLOSE ON SHORTS

CLOSE ON JERSEY SHOULDERS

CLOSE ON 'SPONSORED' BALL

CLOSE ON DRIBBLING

CLOSE ON JUGGLING

The two superstars shrug, then pull open the studio doors to reveal

EXT. SAN FERNANDO BOULEVARD -- STUDIO -- DAY

The two football players look upward as if to suggest irritation that he continues to speak as if with expertise. The football aims right for the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Ngoc and BB pass a ball up and down a set of stairs. Graffiti on the elevator covers reads "ON FIRE"

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- EDGE -- DAY

Through broken windows and rusting equipment scaffolds, the two players charge and recharge a 'pseudo-magnetic' sphere, kicking and rebounding across and through heavy metals.

TITLE: WEIGHTY, POISONOUS METALS [DAYGLOGRAPHIC]

Some of these chrome and silver blobs, specks, and orbs become the shapes of birds, cuckoos, and flamingos. The gold dust and flux becomes a colony of bees, flying circles around the birds. As a team of 11 bees, they cluster in a formation within the courtyard of an industrial complex. The movements of these toxins and pollutants are sync-ed (with varying consistency) to the movements of the ball as it is kicked, passed back and forth between Ngoc and BB. Radical angles (up, down, nearly vertical, toward the unseen stars, swivelling with a ball moving past at a great speed, stutter takes of juggling, shots, and chest stops) and edited sprint takes shake loose more fine muck and grime from decades of human development.

Fascination for the gadgetry and novelty must be paralleled by the dances and grace of the two players. A pick-up game in the vacant lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS -- INDUSTRIAL AREA -- DAY

Ngoc stays low and BB goes high. A dilapidated highway overpass in the background, concrete reinforcement protruding where funding was halted, offers scale for the players' height/altitude difference as they trade the ball, passing.

The two use the ball to bounce out the waste and hazardous materials, the earth shakes and the road built on it begins to shudder, to shimmy into a new configuration.

The VOCs and dangers to life become snakes, worms, gigantic flagellates and...

TITLE: VOLATILE ORGANIC CHEMICALS [DAYGLOGRAPHIC}

A unicellular spectacle, bigger than any vehicle that may have driven on this road. From above

CUT TO:

A SWARM of insects, dragonflies and wasps, forming from applied pesticides and crumbled paint chips. It moves as a single body toward traps controlled by technicians elsewhere. BLINKING LIGHTS.

IMAGE. ANALYSIS OF MICROWAVE AND RADIO CONTROLLED TRAPS

The ball, flying and floating, soars between two players in a martial arts battle with contamination.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA -- NEAR WATERTOWER -- DAY

Ngoc is propelled up by BB, pushing her as the two sail across the landscape. BB follows on the ladder and, through a quickly exposed opening, the two 'detonate' the ball inside, scrubbing the tainted vessel. From the top

rims of the aged tower hatch hundreds of spiders, crawling down the steep drop. Webs cascade down, spiders on their zip lines

CUT TO:

A view of the municipal sign (not legible), the water tower (if not sparkling, renewed in some manner), and many sculpted creatures pulled and crawling and flying and squirming toward awaiting collection vessels. Above and across the sky, BB and Ngoc hang-glide towards a disused rail line.

TITLE: COMMERCIAL BREAK [production frame]

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

DeBrouteille has taken a shine to HAIWA. She reads to him from the Department of Sanitation and Sustainability's website, some bits of his origin. There is the suggestion of the mother or the elder female relative in the placement of the robot and the criminally disordered leader, she in her rocking chair, the robot at her feet. HAIWA stacks diabetic test strips.

DEBROUTEILLE

(a sweetness not before
heard from her)

And, this is why, HAIWA, BIZ MARKIE
was selected as the main seed for
your personality, beacon of
politeness and compassion.

HAIWA

Not to mention the def-est tunes

DEBROUTEILLE

That's right, dear. But you did
mention it, so, ... consider that

HAIWA

(sing song)

Thank you, Ma'am

DeBrouteille puts away her phone and returns to her hobbies: a stack of lottery tickets and a war dialer list. From said list she selects a few names, marking them for spam calling.

HAIWA

Are you feeling well, today, Ms.
DeBrouteille? Have you rested?

DEBROUTEILLE

(not listening, or not
much)

Thank you for asking.

She flips another page while the wastebot concerns herself with the leader.

HAIWA

I am on the verge of -- a result of
your relatively high sodium intake
and diet rich in red meats and
carbonated drinks -- inquiring of
your blood pressure, Ma'am. I
recommend that you take a reading
when Lenora returns from the estate
sale --

DEBROUTEILLE
 (chafing)
 Hackzor, GET IN here

We hear a SCRAMBLING from the other room as Hackzor drops a few lawnmower parts to make tracks.

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- DAY

There, on the desk, a ginger beer. A houseplant grows toward the window. SPIDER crawls on the blade dangling down behind the stand. The football star is examining her legs, beat up a bit from the last few days of shooting.

INSERT UNUSED FOOTAGE FROM A RECENT PRODUCTION SCRAMBLE
 INSERT OLDER GAME FOOTAGE
 CLOSE ON legs
 CLOSE ON cleats
 INSERT GRASS, SHRUBS FROM RECENT PRODUCTION SCRAMBLE
 INSERT CLOSE ON WHILRING QUICKSILVER ORBS

KNOCKING on trailer door.

MEDIUM on BB, plucking an eyebrow hair (or six).

BB
 Come in

DANI
 (muffled)
 (v/o)
 It's me. Dan

BB calls in her interim coordinator, DANI, asking her to sit before she turns away from the mirror.

DANI
 Before we go out there today, I
 thought we'd go over the blocking,
 and I know you wanted to ask more
 about the study conclu--

BB nods.

She offers Dani sweet herbs, proffering a bowl of wrapped chews, something to sink her teeth into.

BB takes the shot list from her desk.

BB
 In good faith, I have been
 delivering, this production -- how
 much are we really cleaning up

DANI
 (breaking bad news)
 I know. I know. It's middling.
 There are less spills. We aren't
 doing *nothing*. But --

BB
 (holds up her hand)
 Do you t -- You want to talk about
 this after we go over the daily

IMAGE. STORYBOARD. DIAGRAM AND PRINTED LIST OF LOCATION,
 PERSONNEL, WEATHER EXPECTED

DANI
 I want the same thing, I think, I
 want the same things you do. My
 understanding: we want to improve
 the sites we visit, and we want to
 inspire others. Find ways to
 prevent and mitigate habitat
 destruction

BB nods.

She accepts from Dani, a couple of pages at a time, a few
 more documents with tables and diagrams. Dani slides soft
 copies over on the phone, too. They look at each other,
 light shining from a shrine's lamp behind Dani.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELAND -- DAY

Young people are curious about the world, examining the
 artefacts in an area untouched by HAIWA and the sanitation
 personnel/robotics.

ROBERTO
 (throwing down an empty
 spit tobacco pouch)
 Well, what do you want to try

ROWENA
 Flare worm. You've got to swallow a
 worm, you've got to eat it, but...

DORIEN
 (looking up)
 It must feel so good

LEONA
 That's a parasite. You don't know
 the first thing about flare worms.
 Please, be quiet.

DORIEN
 What we need is the scorched hand
 method

ROSHANI
(dubious)
Is that pleasant

DORIEN
I heard it's excruciating. But,
that's life

The children pick up a piece of plywood, or styrofoam, or a brick, or a plastic cup, digging through what was and is

ROWENA
This is silly. We don't need any of
that crud. Let's call up HAIWA. Do
you have its -- her number?

Dorien picks a phone out of his basketball shorts. There is a picture of racecar as he enters a log-in code.

DORIEN
Well, I'll find out. She went Mr.
Incognito, however

He shows a few pictures of 8-track tapes, finds from the mercadillo.

DORIEN
She still posts on her Momentov01d

LEONA
(craning neck)
Let me see. 8-track? It's not a
slot racing thing?

ROWENA
(clueless)
I have no idea

Rowena grabs the phone, but Dorien holds on

IMAGE. HAND-WRITTEN LETTER FROM STREETCAR, PUBLIC
TRANSPORT SYSTEM DESIGNER

This appears to be an important document, but the children swipe away as fast as possible, calling

FTHGRRRIIIING, DIIIIING the phone garbles a call, then
clears up

HAIWA
(v/o)
Greetings

DORIEN
Whatcha upto robot?

HAIWA

(v/o)

You, let's see, you know what an armoire is? Well, that. Buying furniture lamps, dresses, salvage -- You?

DORIEN

(eyebrows up, looks at Racine)

We're chillin' over here. Playin' trashball

HAIWA

(v/o)

Trashball, you say. Spectacular. I want to play

The children laugh, revealing Dorien's fib.

DORIEN

Well, send us the GPS numbers and we'll get a few games going, anyway.

HAIWA

(slightly lowered voice)

(v/o)

These... It might not be cool with the lady of the house

DORIEN

Come on. Trashball, trashfrisbee. We could check out the influent point for the septic digester

HAIWA

(seems to be interested)

(v/o)

Fine

Rowena makes an EWWW face.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

She dribbles. She shoots. She scores...

BB is playing a simulation wheelchair basketball game. She talks with a friend, into her controller, while they team up against the Washington Admirals.

SCOTTSY

(pushing buttons, disembodies for a spell)

Bu -- Put 2 up on the board

SCOTTSY's avatar, vague but relatively true-to-life, turns to her in the game

BB

Scotts, let me tell you, I saw a couple things... got me wonderin'

SCOTTSY

Spit it, sis

The characters pass the ball, spin, overtaking defenders. They make for the top of the key.

BB

There were some patterns, in and on the ground, things were recovered from the air that made me feel, you know, I was missing something

SCOTTSY

What did you see

BB

Light pollution, atypical dumping. Tracks of a van going in going out

SCOTTSY

(talking while maneuvering on the court)
Light pollution

BB

Yeah, as we left, the sky was, ... flummoxed

SCOTTSY

(humorous)
I don't speak Beebs, whazzat?

BB

I'll show you. Look, I gotta get off. We can go at it again tomorrow night. Peace.

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

This is the space we heard Hackzor clankclunking around in a few days ago. All the people have left, but HAIWA is making arrangements of collected objects.

IMAGE. COMIC BOOK, ACTION FIGURES

IMAGE. A BOILER

IMAGE. FAMILY PHOTO ALBUMS

IMAGE. WOMEN'S BRASSIERES

IMAGE. BLUEPRINTS OF SHIPS, PLANES

HAIWA leaves the storeroom, taking on characteristics of a person wandering. She might be thinking to herself, as she is using her actuators (hands/fingers) in a way a person does while talking.

She picks up a badminton racket, then puts it back down.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

BB chats with her mom, relaxing, looking at a map. As though they are near to one another, although BB is on a call.

MOM

Just go out, enjoy yourself.

BB

Of course, of course, it just been a long time since I have met Ngoc's mom.

MOM

I just talked to her a few days ago

BB

Mom

MOM

What? We're friends, too

Reverie sequence resolves, showing the videolink. Door LATCH noise, MUFFLED HELLO

BB (hanging up)

Hold on a second, mom. I'll call you back.

Lana's Assistant and SIMRAN open the door. The executive assistant pokes her head through, a shining hairpin clasping her ear-length cut, through the door, into the actress's room.

ASSISTANT

BB? Have a few moments?

BB

Yes. Come in. Come in.

Simran and the assistant take a breath and begin a pitch for the show's promotion segments. (Subject to the actress's approval.)

ASSISTANT

(points to Simran's first oversized card)

Yes, here we go

BB watches, looking thankful for the efficiency.

ASSISTANT

BB fires her shotgun, profile, bang, a flower bursts, cocks it again,
(MORE)

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 BANG, another flower, cocks it,
 turns to face the came--

BB
 no

ASSISTANT
 (holds up two fingers)
 BB and suavely-attired debonaire
 dance in a contemporary ballroom, he
 bends her backwards, the player's
 velvet eyes low --

BB
 no

Simran had only begun to produce the lavish photograph
 card of the two dancers, and now discards it.

ASSISTANT
 (holding up three fingers)
 (speeding it up)
 BB has descended, through sewers and
 caverns and a dry well, into the
 underworld of an abandoned platinum
 mine where she discovers

HOKEY STORYTELLER PAUSE

ASSISTANT
 OUROBOROS, the world snake,
 devouring itself. It is not feeling
 up to snuff, however, and she must
 suck out the poison which it has
 administered to itself using *this*

To supplement the card held by Simran, Lana's Assistant
 retrieves from behind her back (despite her flaws, she is
 something like a magician in these matters,) a breast milk
 pump.

SILENCE

BB
 No. Stop. Good try on that last
 one. No, thank you.

ASSISTANT
 Thank you, ma'am.

The two depart. BB calls her mom again.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- POND -- DAY

CLOSE ON mat of thick biofilm. Working together with
 another filtering robot, HAIWA extracts a plastic cup lid,

using two re-used straws (found litter.) The freed-up algae, bacteria and water lilies change place, subtle adjustment.

HAIWA
(in imitation of
Spanish-speaking sports
announcer)
GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

A DOG, a CAT, a MOUSE, and COCKROACH (and a MOSQUITO) watch. The filtering robot, holding back some of the flow, releases the temporary dam. On a display screen on its chest, reads "EXITO" (Spanish for "success", a "hit"). Each of the lifeforms lets out a note for a song of triumph, similar to a wave in a soccer/futbol stadium. The notes are incrementally higher (as in bass, cello, viola, violin, etc.) and the last, a tiny mosquito, emits a deep, deep BASSO profundo, a tone of great resonance, and its spindly form leans toward the camera.

EXT. EDGE OF COUNTY PARK -- BB'S SET PERIPHERY -- DAY

BB walks up a path, through a section of pines, and back down as the path descends. She stops. She turns away from the trail. She feels a BUZZ

She looks back to Franz, somewhere at the park's parking lot edge. She raises her hand. Her eyes are, not crying, but red.

She brushes a hair from her 'wardrobe.' Today, she is wearing a sort of action suit, giving more suggestive curves to her body than a football jersey might.

In the forest, at a point where the woods turn into another trail, a wooded climb. Her curiosity is clear.

Instead of going through the sticks or hoofing it deeper through the marked trails, she sits. The shots, in sequence, show five or ten minutes passing. A woman walking her dog approaches. The dog sniffs BB.

BB hears nothing from the woman, who continues her walk. The dog catches up.

SILENCE

STICK TWIG POP

There may be a DEER moving in the woods, but BB doesn't see any animals. There is a bird in one of the trees, 15 meters up.

She listens.

She stands, returning to the set-up site, a park entrance and parking lot. Franz is waiting for her near a black luxury car.

Franz looks up from his phone, smiling. BB smiles.

The two get into the car. Franz drives off.

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- OUTSKIRTS -- DUSK

HAIWA and ROWENA have met again. They are walking together, picking up trash and talking. HAIWA has got a melodramatic speech slated.

HAIWA

Never feel saddened by what you have. Be glad for each moment, for this is a limitless token for sharing and for encouraging those around you. Remain joyful in the care and consideration you can provide for the living beings around you.

ROWENA

(polite)

Excuse me

HAIWA waits for her response, giving a signal to go on.

ROWENA

This is fascinating, but... Could you, please, do it again. This time, with, I don't know, Mantovanti, or some other strings. Something poignant? Touching strings?

HAIWA

(laughing)

O? Yes. Yes of cou--

He notices Rowena touching, fiddling with a flareworm packet (something like a tub of tobacco or a colorful package with markings like "NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION" on it) knocking it with her shoe.

HAIWA

(circuits frying a bit)

(emphasizing, stern)

Please, don't touch that. Tha--
DON't.

Rowena nods, agreeing. The speech is repeated.

HAIWA

Never feel

HAIWA raises her actuators, as a conductor might.
TOUCHING STRINGS MUSIC

HAIWA
saddened by what you have. Be glad
for each moment, for this is a
limitless token for sharing and for
encouraging those around you.
Remain joyful while you help those
around you, all the souls in your
life.

Pause for a beat.

HAIWA
That being said. If you'd rather
not play trashfrisbee, it's not, for
moi, that's ok.

ROWENA
I'd rather not, no

GEAR MASHING NOISE

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S PORCH -- DUSK

A gathering of DeBrouteille's Lady Auxiliary meeting has
become unpleasant.

MARIYA
I've seen you pilot that old
clunker. It looks like a can of
soda that blew up in the freezer

DeBrouteille, disgusted, laughs at a pitiful attempt to
take her down a notch.

MARIYA
You may get good gas mileage, but it
needs a check-up

DEBROUTEILLE
You, you think you are green,
Mariya? You lab-to-table backside
wouldn't know a watershed if you
were waist-deep in it

CHAOS erupts, as DeBrouteille, frustrated, and obviously
intoxicated (?), rolls up her sleeve

DEBROUTEILLE
We'll just see if that sticks

She grunts, hurling mud at MARIYA. In her turn, Mariya
hurls mud at her SECOND. SCHLOCK

HAIWA and ROWENA return from their walk. MARIYA picks up mud from a chock/stop behind the riding lawnmower, throwing the stop back down.

MARIYA (vexed, but pleasant)
Everyone, take a little bit, it's got calcium

Caroline begins throwing mud at DeBrouteille, and all the other people, Rowena, Hackzor, Lenora, and Mariya's Second

HAIWA
I would not have guessed it was a
gardening day

ROWENA
(admiration)
Plastic BoPET might

DeBrouteille picks up a plastic sword, spinning it in a circle around her assertive stance by a dangling strap near the sword's handle. The circle is illuminated as she gains speed. This is an antique toy from the 1980s fantasy movie, HALF-PIPE CROWHERD. Hackzor holds his hand to his mouth

HACKZOR
Madam, the barbarian blade, it's
worth a Chippendale

Lenora joins in, tossing mud in Hackzor's mouth as he says the last of the words above, sobbing.

DEBROUTEILLE
(voice loud and garbled)
Know my wrath, ye piebald mares

DeBrouteille loses grip on the sword's handle strap, and it flies toward the gas-powered lawnmower/tractor. The sword starts the tractor, and the trailer full of goods, selected, bit by bit, to be resold crosses a broad field and is dunked in the fishpond. HAIWA and Rowena observe, saying nothing.

Hackzor is crying for the wooden furniture, nice pieces which are, admittedly, going to suffer some damage. HAIWA helps Rowena to dodge some mud, picking her up. She swivels to the side, then replaces her young charge.

Many other jaws are wide as the mudslinging is paused. Rowena inspects her own shoes.

GENDARMES arrive from the national investigation agency, opening up black sedan doors. CLICKING of handcuffs.

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The gendarme, ALICE, chastises ROWENA for poisoning DeBrouteille.

GENDARME ALICE

Even if she did kidnap your friend,
it isn't just. Giving someone a
flareworm, or any mind-altering
substance could cause serious harm.
It might seriously affect her
consciousness. She may have died.

ROWENA

(contrition)

Yes, ma'am, and I apologize again.

Alice points Rowena's downturned face to the sedan, where DeBrouteille is grinning with a distant look. In the BG, HAIWA is fishing antiques out of the pond.

CREDITS

EXT. PACIFIC GARBAGE PATCH -- DAY

On a large lightboard, we see DeBrouteille, Hackzor, Lenora, and a few other people's names. They are, with a little robotic help, to work off 7 trillion community service hours. We see a fraction of these shaved down in the few seconds onscreen.

Counting down...

LENORA

(v/o)

Trying to backpedal your way out of
harmonizing

DeBrouteille shrugs. She turns to a clump of CONVICTED CEOs and demonstrates how to use trash removal machinery. She is able to use a shovel programmer well enough to help others.

Lifters, haulers, and mixers combine floating waste. FAN NOISE for electric motor. Sorters and other equipment separate the garbage on floating piers, containers being prepped for transport elsewhere.

A person in an expensively-tailored suit, CONVICTED CEO 13, puts on heavy duty rubber gloves.

EXT. CITY EXURBS -- DAY

HAIWA and a few young people look around a relatively vacant lot. HAIWA has gathered together a pile of rubbish (some from food and drink, a sneaker (soggy and swollen),

two pieces of a car's body, worn-out mannequin, busted hibachi, detritus of human existence.)

BB walks into the shot, carrying a book, some mold damage visible.

BB

What do you think this is?

The book's spine reads "DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN"

HAIWA

Well, we'll have to read, hold on

HAIWA speeds up her sorting function, and it looks like she is juggling or shuffling cards, objects move very quickly.

ROBERTO

(aghast)

What is she doing?

HAIWA

(as if spoken to)

I am leaving this material in a pattern which will be easier for others to re-use, recycle, or add to a landfill

ROSHANI

(optimistic)

Can you do that with plates... or chainsaws? That are on fire?

HAIWA

It is rare that I come across discarded flaming chainsaws.

The wastebot leaves the items in several small orderly piles, as much as is possible, out of the way of plants, shrubs, and a termite mound.

Pan. A path becomes visible through the moderately sullied exurb zone, HAIWA and BB begin.

HAIWA

If you want to help me, we can find more material, more quickly, and then I will sort, misters and misses-es

Roshani and THAD seem interested.

BB

(laughs to herself)

I

HAIWA picks up a few other discarded items, collecting a couple things from piles recently sorted.

BB

I'll help

HAIWA

We can use a set of the consumer interaction kits, if you have sufficient reason to believe this refuse may negatively affect your health, I recommend it.

ROSHANI

Now she tells me

ROBERTO

Swag. Ooooooh

The young people and BB accept masks, gloves, and sets of noseplugs.

BB

(quoting Stein again)

And go "Las manzanas de Cézanne tienen una importancia única para mí que nada puede reemplazar."

The developers' logos and the insignia of the Sanitation and Sustainability Bureau are prominent.

ROBERTO

(plugging nose)

How dunh I lunhkhk?